

KATHLEEN NORRIS TALKS ON "HAPPINESS IN THE NEW YEAR"

IF 1923 could be the year that saw, in America, the greatest increase of human happiness, then it would be the greatest year in all our glorious history.

This is so simple and so true as to sound almost idiotic. For after all it is an increase of happiness for which every one of us is striving.

Cafeterias, movies, silk stockings, radio, schools, clinics, laws and newspapers, books and gas stoves, aren't they, every one of them, designed only to increase the prosperity, the safety, the happiness of the race?

"I want it," says the flapper, the old collector, the newsboy, the man who runs for a street car. "It will make me happy!"

The millionaire who buys his wife diamonds, yachts, opera boxes, and the dirty tenement baby who fights a neighborhood puppy for a wormy apple are doing exactly the same thing. Possession, say baby and millionaire, will mean happiness.

We get happiness, in fleeting and evanescent glimpses. But we do not get as much of it as even the pessimists concede. Almost all happiness is in memory, or anticipation; which is only another way of saying that it is all of the soul, the brain, the spirit.

HAPPINESS IN MEMORY.

"Mother, weren't you just perfectly wild with happiness," the little daughter asks, over a photograph album, "on your wedding day? Going off with Daddy to Europe? Wasn't Daddy perfectly happy the day he knew he was elected? Were you terribly happy on the day I was born?"

Mother smiles. Yes, she will admit that those were happy, happy days. But she sighs as she remembers them, for some reason undefined.

Her wedding day is a dream of fragrance, roses, kisses, youth and joy—looking back.

But she cannot quite forget that the bills were heavier than she had foreseen—that the caterer's men were simple idiots—that Uncle George said such long-

drawn-out and dull things as toast-master—that there was a maddening little pimple right on her chin that no powder could disguise—that she was too tired, confused, excited and nervous to get a very clear impression of anything.

Then when Frank was elected district attorney—yes, that was gratifying, too. But it followed such a wretched political brawl, such heart-stopping threats from inimical papers, such compromises and subterfuges, that there was no particular sense of joy there.

A QUEEN'S THOUGHTS.

And the day the first-born came? Mother never looks back at that day now without a little spasmodic ecstasy in her heart. But when it actually occurred she was so young, so bewildered, so anxious about her baby, so concerned for poor Frank's meals at home, and so annoyed by the unfortunately ungenial personality of the nurse that actual joy had a small share in it.

I wonder if there was ever a queen crowned whose thoughts, during the solemn ritual, didn't run something like this:

"They've made him master of ceremonies—I told them I hated him! . . . I ought not to take a second cup, it always me feel like this . . . She's very graceful today, but I know she loathes me . . . I hurt his feelings, I'll have to watch a chance to straighten that out . . . That was an extraordinary thing, that protest against our coronation . . . Horrible people! they can't do anything . . . the police are looking out for bombs . . . they said there was violence this morning. . ."

THINGS WE DO NOT SEE.

And I wonder if some of our presidents, graciously bowing right and left from the carriage on the fourth of March, aren't mentally in a stew that involves threats, fear of exposure upon some little old half-forgotten party scandal years ago, tight collars, shame over old friends slighted and new friends conciliated unworthily, nervousness as to the exact course

"If 1923 Could Be the Year That Saw, in America, the Greatest Increase of Human Happiness, Then It Would Be the Greatest Year in All Our Glorious History---It Is an Increase of Happiness for Which We Are All Striving."

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

After all, it is an increase of happiness for which every one of us is striving. Cafeterias, movies, silk stockings, radio, schools, clinics, laws and newspapers, books and gas stoves, aren't they, every one of them designed only to increase the prosperity, the safety, the happiness of the race?

Almost all happiness is in memory, or anticipation; which is only another way of saying that it is all of the soul, the brain, the spirit.

The reason that the little film star's glory seems to us worth envy is only because we are not near enough to see that the film star is beside herself with professional jealousies, money worries quite in proportion to yours and mine, and the gnawing sense that the work to come is not going to be received with the old enthusiasm.

Poor persons who suddenly become rich do not turn into beneficent angels. They do not, and you would not. You would give to your family then exactly the proportion of money, of help, of pleasure that you do now.

We need the old unity, we need the old patriotism, we need the old ideals in America if Columbia, in the words of the song, is to "ride safe through the storm."

Now, here is the test. Is your first emotion one of jealousy? If it is, you are not using average good sense. Money will not

change her character. Money will not lessen her jealous actions, her petty meannesses. On the contrary, money will accentuate those qualities.

Poor persons who suddenly become rich do not turn into beneficent angels. They do not, and you would not. You would give to your family then exactly the proportion of money, of help, of pleasure that you do now.

This dream, that you would like to be rich, "to do such wonderful things for your friends," is only a favorite form of complacency.

I know a man, a clerk on a small salary, a bachelor, full of life and humor, who cherishes a permanent resentment against the world that has steadily refused him riches. Twenty years ago his brother died, leaving two small sons orphans. A sister, herself a school teacher, delicate and pessimistic, took the boys, and has brought them up to be good and useful citizens.

In all these years their uncle has never been near them; never took them off for a day's tramp, never sat at that humble little table—as he has sat at so many more prosperous tables—starting their laughter, sharing their bread and milk. Not once.

PUTTING HOUSE IN ORDER.

But this popular and good natured fellow loves to comment contemptuously upon the amusements of millionaires. "By George, that single party cost him thirty thousand dollars," he will say. "No wonder there's a socialist party. By gum, if I

had that much money to waste! It's not for myself, you know. But for kids like my brother's boys, for instance. I'd like to do something handsome for Lew's boys."

But "give, and it shall be given unto you," says a wiser than he. With fifty millions this man would do no more for his friends than he is doing now.

And now, with the new year staring you in the face, and with the dawning conviction in some of our hearts that these few years aren't going to go on—here among these familiar streets and walls, at least—forever, here is an opportunity for us to put our mental, moral, physical houses in order. 1923 will flash upon it's eternal way just as 1922 has done.

It is all a blank now, it will be history so soon! And what sort of history?

We all know that there are serious disorders right here in our own country, and much more serious ones across the water. We live in days so vital to the eventual good of all mankind that not one of us can afford not to make resolutions this New Year Day.

NEED OF OLD IDEALS.

Toward Europe's troubled nations we can only extend an honest sympathy that inclines both their virtues and their faults, their mistakes and their successes.

They are struggling up through conditions of unparalleled abnormality; we can only remember that we need their friendship, and they need ours, and that in everything international we must observe the good old nursery law of "making allowances"—of considering the spirit of what they do rather than the letter; of keeping in mind the glorious day when petty excuses will no longer serve nations as causes for hate and slaughter, and that the time is coming when we must feel for France, Germany and Italy only the kindly interest we have for the Millets, the Meyers,

and the Maresis whose children go to school with our children, and who live right in our block! But for ourselves. Ah, we who love our country have our work well cut out for us this new year.

We need the old unity, we need the old patriotism, we need the old ideals in America if Columbia, in the words of the song, is to "ride safe through the storm."

SINGLE HUMAN HEART.

Our boys and girls need to learn that certain laws of body, soul and state are sacred; we need to bring back the old word "duty" into our lives.

This need not cost us money. This does not demand power, influence, tremendous organization. On the contrary, the founders of all our new religions, the believers in thought, mental power, spiritual forces, tell us that through all the ages our particular time is that marked by the special danger of materialism.

Whether they speak truly or not, we know that the simple fact is true. We are all frightened by materialism. We fear it for our girls, our boys, our homes, our marriages, our towns, our commonwealth. We shudder, "What are we coming to?"

But the change in this, like all other spiritual changes, will begin here and there in a single human heart, will spread, will bear scattered, steadily thickening fruit. Only in your heart and mine will the true reform originate.

Resolved, every day in every way to be honest, simple, kind and true in 1923.

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This is one of a series of Woman to Woman Talks on present-day family and social problems that Mrs. Norris, America's best loved and most popular woman writer, is writing especially for The Washington Times-Herald. Another talk will be printed next Sunday.

LLOYD GEORGE AND CLEMENCEAU MISTAKEN, SAYS DANIELS

THE recent long-distance joint debate between Georges Clemenceau and Lloyd George served to emphasize the initial and far-reaching mistake made by both of these eminent statesmen.

Upon the eve of setting sail for France, M. Clemenceau expressed satisfaction that his visit to the United States had been markedly successful, emphasizing that he believed he had disabused the minds of Americans of the notion that France is militaristic and imperialistic.

"I believe," said the Old Tiger with delight in his countenance, "I have convinced America that France is neither militaristic nor imperialistic."

From his early youth, when he taught school in the United States and wrote for the newspapers and married in this country, M. Clemenceau has been a noted friend of America. He attributes much of his independence and dash to residence here, and although eighty-one years of age he showed more pep than any young man who has visited us.

It is rather remarkable what the old men of this period have shown in the way of endurance, for Foch made a tour that would have been the despair of any but a very hardy youngster. The war, directed mainly by older men, somehow seemed to disprove all the Oser theories. Old men seem to have made up their minds not to be placed on the shelf, and women, too, have quit growing old. Perhaps it is because there are fewer chimney corners to sit in. It is against all tradition to grow old without chimney corners!

Lloyd George's Bomb

Just as Clemenceau was taking the steamer, satisfied that, whatever may be done in officialdom, he had re- cemented the American and French, old-time friendship, enter Lloyd George. I do not mean he entered in the flesh, though he is destined to come and to receive a notable welcome when he does come. He entered in his series of articles, and the first thing out of the box was a hard slam at Clemenceau's placid belief that he had destroyed the charge of French militarism. The former British premier virtually charged the failure at Genoa and other conferences to France's militaristic policy, instancing, for example, that when Great Britain, without waiting for co-operation on the part of the United States, agreed to guarantee France against German invasion, "the offer was rejected with disdain" by the Poincare government unless it was accompanied by a "mil-

itary convention." Lloyd George declared that unless France changes its militaristic policy, it will "open a new chapter in the history of Europe and the world with a climax of horror such as mankind has not yet witnessed."

No Referee; No Decision.

That long-distance debate, staged dramatically by two of the chief actors in the world war, had no referee. Therefore there has been no decision as to who has the best of the argument. The only thing really decided is that the world has the worst of the argument because the allied nations, which could agree to win the war, have been unable to agree in order to win peace. And this failure for America, Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan and the other allied powers to co-operate to carry out peace is the tragedy of the past four years.

I am not going to try to place the blame on Lloyd George or Clemenceau or Wilson or any other of the actors in that international drama. All of them made mistakes, as did the people they represented. Not one of the allied nations can truly claim that the world distress since 1919 can be laid at the door of any one nation alone. But as to the initial mistake, which has carried terrible consequences in its wake, neither Lloyd George nor Clemenceau can throw stones at the other. It would invite the demolition of each house made of glass.

What Can Be Paid?

When the peace conference, or rather what was heralded to be a peace conference, met at Paris, it seemed perfectly clear to President Wilson that the first thing to be settled was the amount of the reparation that Germany should pay for the restoration of Belgium and France in accordance with the agreement to repair the damages in the devastated sections. Mr. Wilson, in his terms accepted by all, had made that a condition of the armistice. And so he at once requested eminent financiers of America, including such men as Bernard M. Baruch, Thomas W. Lamont, Norman Davis and Vance McCormick (there may have been others whose names I do not recall) to make a study of the question, ascertaining first of all, how much money Germany could pay. Mr. Wilson felt that before any real reconstruction could proceed Germany must know the amount of money it was to pay and that France must know how

Former Secretary of Navy Says Germany Could Not Pay More Than Fifteen Billion Dollars, and That Any Effort to Obtain More Was Destined to Be Futile—Statesmen Erred in Rash Promises to Make Germany Pay Full Cost of the World War.

much it was to receive. Rehabilitation then and now waited upon that accurate knowledge. The American Reparation Commission reported after an exhaustive analysis of Germany's resources that Germany could and should pay not less than ten billion and not more than fifteen billion dollars.

"Shilling for Shilling."

When President Wilson presented the finding and the accompanying data to the big four, Lloyd George and Clemenceau went up in the air. The French had fixed the amount of reparation they ought to receive from Germany at 400,000,000,000 gold francs, or a little less than one hundred billion dollars. Mr. Lloyd George did not name the sum he thought Germany ought to pay, but he was unable to meet the American figures, even approximately, because in the khaki election in December he had promised the British people that Germany should pay "shilling for shilling" the entire cost of the war. It is interesting to see what Mr. Lloyd George actually promised in that election. He said:

1. "We have an absolute right to demand the whole cost of the war from Germany."

2. "We propose to demand that whole cost of the war from Germany."

3. "The allies are in exactly the same boat. We shall put our demands all together, and whatever they are, they must come in from the German war debt."

Promises Ball and Chain

The promises Lloyd George had made in his campaign were a ball and chain around his ankle when he came to move in fixing the German reparation. The "little Welsh lawyer" sweat blood. The American figures made him realize that his election promise had been abused. But how could he square himself with his constituents at home, who believed he could make Germany pay? When I was in Paris in March, 1919, the newspaper men discussing Lloyd George's predicament told this story:

A gentleman congratulating Lloyd George upon his great victory, asked how he had managed it, and the Welshman cynically answered: "I promised the

TALKS ON DEBTS



JOSEPHUS DANIELS

voters that Germany should pay the total cost of the war, and it was fortunate for me that the election was held so soon or I might have had to promise more."

True or false, his pre-election promises embarrassed him and impeded early settlement. He knew the French demand was as impossible as his election promises. But what could he do? As always, at heart Lloyd George

wishes to do the right thing and not be guided by hatred. The passion against Germany in the latter part of 1918 had carried him too far in his election pledges. He wanted them to recede from his "shilling for shilling" attitude of his countrymen would permit him. And so, when the American plan of fifteen billion dollars reparation was under consideration, he took all his advisers to the country

for a week-end to debate whether he should accept the "Heavenly Peace" proposed by the Americans, or the "Hellish Peace" proposed by the French. There was hot debate between his advisers, but those in favor of the "Heavenly Peace" won out and the British premier returned to Paris to agree with Wilson.

But before action could be taken, the news reached London that Lloyd George had abandoned his "shilling for shilling" policy and had become as pro-German as the Paris press at that time pictured Wilson. Result: After Northcliffe had denounced George as surrendering to the German demand, and thereby losing the fruits of war, 140 members of Parliament telegraphed a vigorous objection to Paris. They held the Damocles sword over Lloyd George, and he did not dare to invite political death by going counter to the dictation of these members of Parliament. He would not agree to the French four hundred billion gold francs. He knew that was out of reason. What was done? He and Clemenceau, seeing that they would be repudiated at home if they agreed then to a less sum than their countries expected, undertook to save their political skins by postponing the fixing of the amount of reparation until May 1, 1921.

The failure to fix promptly the sum Germany was to pay was the big blunder, and for it Clemenceau and Lloyd George, or rather the French and British people who virtually compelled their action, are responsible. It was the Pandora's box from which has come very many of the evils which have cursed the world since that fateful day when the French and British premiers played Manana when the essential thing was action. If the American fifteen billion dollar reparation had been fixed in the spring of 1919, Germany could have arranged to pay it and would have done so. France could have begun at once the work of rebuilding its devastated areas. More than that: With no open sore between France and Germany, the stability of Europe would have averted most of the tragedies that have followed. Indeed, is it too much to say that the renewed power of Turkey, and its danger to the world could have been averted by allied agreement upon the vital ques-

tion of reparation which is as difficult now as it was when Lloyd George and Clemenceau threw that ball of contention to be fought over these four troublesome years?

There is not wanting public interest in post-mortems by chiefs who have been retired by their people. It is said that a statesman never feels that he has the right to tell the whole truth about what happens while he is steering the ship of state. It is only when he is landed safely or been shipwrecked that he talks freely, and he talks better if his bark has been stranded than if it went into port under favoring winds. Lloyd George and Clemenceau are both on the shore, on the outside looking in, and not

by their own choice. They were not sent into private life for their mistakes, for they were wiser than their constituents. Most of the mistakes they made were because they were at the helm when gales of passion swept over their peoples who demanded vengeance instead of reasonableness which both of them would have favored if they had been given a free hand.

Criticize these two great men as we may and as we will, and as they deserve to be on this matter of reparation, the fact nevertheless remains that the world owes them a lasting debt of gratitude it can never repay and history will write them down as among "the few, the immortal names, that were not born to die."

COOKERY A CAREER FOR ABLE WOMEN

Wife of Famous Novelist Urges English Girls of Refinement and Education to Come to Rescue of Almost Lost Art—Bad Cooking Universal.

By MRS. THOMAS HARDY, Wife of the Celebrated British Novelist.

LONDON, Dec. 30. "Superfluous Women": I am told that there are 2,000,000 of you. Frankly, I do not believe it.

I think that the majority of working women make a great mistake in neglecting the more purely feminine occupations.

We know that there are thousands of men now out of work who would sell their souls almost for such posts as are now filled by many gay and irresponsible young women.

At the same time England is filled with homes where there is the most atrocious cookery, where good food material is wasted daily, and the health of young and old is being ruined because few care to learn properly that most essential, important and interesting science of cookery.

I think that cookery ought to be made a career for a refined and educated woman. I am not advising educated and refined women to enter domestic service as we know it at present, but I believe that domestic service could be raised to a higher level.

We could strike out the obnoxious word "service," perhaps, though that is honorable enough, and substitute "science." Employer and employed could

then meet on an equal footing, ready to help each other. Greater freedom and consideration would be given in return for more skilled work, and there would be mutual trust and confidence.

I do not think that domestic service, as we know it, can last through another generation, but I do believe that an allied career for women could be evolved from it which would take its place, one which does not exist at present.

A body of educated and honorable women, given full scope and fair play, could alter the domestic economy of this country, lessening enormously the wasteful and alarming household expenditure in the majority of homes, rich and poor, and vastly improving the health and happiness of the nation.

But these women who are to be the salvation of middle-class homes, if ever they do appear, must be treated as well as their sisters in the office and workshop and behind the counter. They must be treated as members of an honorable calling.

Goat Is Mail Thief

JOLIET, Ill., Dec. 30.—Guards set to discover what became of mail placed on Joseph Erkvalek's front porch solved the mystery when they saw Joe's goat munching decoy letters.